Returned strengthened, but after three days in Paris have lost almost all the advantage. Fortunately we are staying here only twelve days.

Cuvervffle, 22 June

Sublime style — direct emanation from the heart; it is only through *piety* that it can be achieved.

27 June

One can find in them (letters to Mile de Roannez)[1X] very fine arguments, even in favor of the Pope; ardent arguments, the only ones that persuade (see Letter VI, Brunschvicg edition) —and that leave me shaken.

"He ardently delighted in this outrage to flesh, the enemy. . . ." (Suares: *Visite d Pascal)*[12]

It doesn't seem to me that Suares is following Pascal at this point. The Jansenist feels a loathing for sin, not for the flesh, and imagines the flesh itself not necessarily as a sinner but as a victim.

He speaks readily of an "innocent body" that death "afflicts/" He considers it possible to have "peace between the soul and the body** and sees nothing wrong in seeking to flee a death that would destroy that peace (letter on the death of the father).

And finally he writes (first letter to Mile de Roannez) the strangest sentence: "God never forsakes his own, not even in the sepulcher, where their bodies, although dead in the eyes of men, are more living before God because sin has ceased to inhabit them." It must be remembered that the Church teaches the resurrection of the flesh.

28 July

A week's stop at Bagnols-de-Grenade.

Reading of Bergson—which I didn't carry very far (Z/j£t>oZttf ton *creatrice**).* Capital importance of this book, through which philosophy can again escape.

That our intelligence cuts out of the outer continuity surfaces on which it can operate; that the rest escapes it; that it takes account only

of those fragments. , . .

Amusing, these poems of Valery Larbaud.[14] As I read them, I see that in my *Nourr&ures I* should have been more cynical,

[11] By Pascal.
[12] *Visit to Posed.*
[13] *Creative Evolution.*
[14] *Poemes par un riche amateur (Poems by a Rich Non-professional)* were attributed by Larbaud, when they first appeared in 1908, to an imaginary South-American millionaire named A. O. Barnabooth,